

The Woman's Page of The Times-Dispatch

Women As Investors

Women are, many of them, born gamblers, and show their love for games of risk and chance in nothing more clearly than in foolish investments. Represent to a woman that she can get an unsafe rate of interest or an improbable dividend, and she is dead sure to plunge in—and lose.

It is generally time thrown away to tell women that 6 per cent. is a liberal return for the use of money. When a woman wants money for her own needs she is willing to pay an extravagant price for the gratification of her whims. Consequently, if she has money to invest, she is anxious to adventure it somewhere, anywhere—provided she gets a fancy price in the way of interest.

Turns Deaf Ear to Adviser.

Should she be warned that the higher the interest, the less safe the investment is, she will turn a deaf ear to her adviser, being attracted by the present lure and the element of uncertainty with which she is as delighted to play, as a child is with the flames that scorch and destroys.

A woman's friend, if she possesses a disinterested friend, will explain to her the necessity of reasoning, before she invests in securities, the price they would command if she should at any time decide to sell them. Friendly caution may be used in vain to prove to a woman that stock, extravagantly advertised, belongs to the class that should never be bought by her, and that the value of stock and the personal magnetism of a seller of stocks bear no possible relation, the one to the other.

Investment a Science. Only the shap stinging of loss causes a woman to realize that investment is a science founded on the nicest calculation and practiced by professional experts. If successful results are to be hoped for, so however her desires and intuitions incline, a woman should be sufficiently alive to her own interests to secure expert advice regarding investment and to be willing to pay for it.

When a successful banker is willing to become a woman's confidential adviser regarding her investments, he can render her excellent service. She will need to be backed about by all the safeguards a banker might recommend. In addition, she should get information about securities from as many sources as possible before buying. And when all else is said and done, the woman who is wise will find the must not invest hurriedly.

Troubles Due to Clothes.

Mrs. John Lane in her recently published book, "Talk of the Town," has a chapter on "The Tyranny of Clothes," which contains many witticisms to amuse and entertain by their pungency and truth. For instance, she says:

"When one looks back on one's life—on a feminine life—it is melancholy to realize how much of trouble is owing to clothes. I remember the despairing cry of a woman looking hopelessly through her wardrobe: 'I should have been a better woman if I had been born with feathers!'"

How well I know what she meant! She was examining disconsolately a shabby white satin dress—the kind of satin that betrays its plebeian cotton origin—"I wish I were a guinea-hen with respectable speckled feathers," she cried, as she gave a discouraged slum to the wardrobe door, "then shouldn't use up three-quarters of my intellect getting the wrong things cheap!"

What dramas lurk behind an unpaid dressmaker's bill! What awful temptations lie in the path of a woman! Men have other temptations, but they are not lured to destruction by diamonds and sables. The French in the presence of a mystery say, in their subtle way, "cherchez la femme." But it is her wardrobe as well as the woman that will in most cases solve the mystery.

Is not every woman in the clutches of a little private serpent who urges her to want the things she oughtn't to have? It is all that is left to her of the Garden of Eden except Adam, and really, the less said about Adam the better.

The Old-Fashioned Shawl.

Fortunate is the woman who inherited from her grandmother, or her great-grandmother, a handsome lace shawl, either black or white, for lace shawls arranged in new ways are again the vogue. One of the new ways of using an old-fashioned lace shawl is to make a shawl. It is a great deal in Paris and New York just now, and though many of them are made of silk or satin, those of lace are decidedly modish. It is caught in the high waist-line with a black and white silk cord, and it fastens in front with tiny black satin buttons. The shawl used in this would be all the trimming necessary for a plain satin or chiffon gown.

Hits of Philosophy.

Houses were built to be lived in, armchairs were made to be lounged in, windows were made to let in the light, and life shoes were made to be stubbed at the toe and run down at the heel.

The foam of the wash-tub is as white and soft as that of the surf, the glow of a well-made fire has all the brilliancy of an autumn sunset, and the chirp of the hearth cricket is as sweet as any song of outdoors.

That Love which flies out of the window when Poverty comes in at the door is only a poor imitation. True Love is a cheerful worker and fighter who stands his ground and gallantly holds the fort against Poverty and all the other ills of life.

When the seven days of the week have been renamed, "Presently," "By-and-By," "Pretty-soon," "After-a-while," "To-morrow," "In-a-minute" and "Right-away," how busy we shall be at all mindless of past promises.

Kind Thoughts for Company.

A lively firefly is of more use than a dark star.

If your eyes are always cast down, cobwebs will gather on the ceiling. Better a picture post card "with much love" than a four-sheet letter signed "Yours truly."

The broken gate that hangs upon one hinge swings back most readily to let Poverty enter. Needles are sharper than pins, but they pass through the cloth; pins hold their places because they have heads. "Cut glass for company and chipped china for the family" is not the best of rules for making a home attractive. In spite of all that cynics have written, the best, purest, sweetest love is the first love that is the last love—that does not change or die.



PRACTICAL MODELS FOR LIGHTWEIGHT WOOLEN AND SILK MATERIALS.

L'Art de la Mode.

A September Luncheon Set in Green, Purple and Silver

Pale Green and Purple Grapes, With Silvery Leaves and Tendrils, Present Tempting and Charming Possibilities to the Mind and Inclination of the September Hostess, Securing as They Do Elaborate and Exquisite Effects for Both Luncheon and Dinner Tables.

Decorative Ideas.

The decorative idea may be carried out by placing a round or oval mirror on the table and standing on it a basket of graceful shape, the handle of which has been gone over with silver paint. Around the edges of the basket and mirror put small, delicate grape leaves, letting the underside show as much as possible. Fill the basket with large clusters of green and purple grapes, and lay small clusters in and out among the grape leaves bordering the basket. Have candle-shades covered with pale green artificial grapes through which the light can show. These grapes may be bought in department stores, or from a milliner. Green candles used with such shades will give delightful results. Guest cards, to harmonize, should be delicately painted bunches of grapes and leaves in water colors. Pale green candies in silver bonbon dishes, and salted pistachio nuts in glass or silver holders, with white and gilt, or white and green china, will make a complete and pretty finish.

The Beginning and Ending.

For a first course, nothing is more suitable than grapes à la neige. Pistachio ice cream, molded into bunches of grapes, each bunch laid on natural grape leaves and served with squares of frosted sunshine cake, will supply an ideal dessert. Grapes à la neige are prepared by washing and drying small clusters of Malaga or white California grapes, dipping them into half-beaten whites of eggs and then into maraschino, before sprinkling each bunch thoroughly with sugar. Pack the bunches in a freezer with waxed paper between the layers. Let them stand two hours and they will be ready for serving.

Adjustment of Ribbons.

The ribbons should be so turned toward the guests that at the close of the dinner each can lift and remove her basket from the pile and carry it away as a souvenir. If this plan is followed, and the dinner given to the entire bridal party, each bridesmaid may give a flower from her basket to the man who takes her to dinner. Rose-color candies and shades are to be used with these flowers, and candied rose leaves in dainty silver dishes.

Parable of the Firefly

There is an editorial in the October number of The Housekeeper which presents a well known and realized truth among women in a very attractive way. A fact which perhaps not all women have noticed is told about the firefly in the following words:

"This is the parable of the female firefly. You have seen her on summer evenings, flashing in and out among the bushes, lighting the darkness with her tiny radiance. Those that you have seen are the younger females, the girls of the firefly world. For this is the curious, the pathetic thing about the female firefly:

"After she becomes a mother she never shows her light. Having passed on the spark of life to her children, she resigns her own brilliance, gives up the element in her nature that had set her forth among her sisters. Her children shine about her, but she herself is lustreless.

"And being lustreless, she has her lesson for some thousands of human folks who share with her the rich privilege of motherhood."

The Lesson of the Firefly.

"For you, perhaps, who, made glad by the possession of your children, are enriching them continually at the cost of your own best self. You who used to be the most popular girl at the party, but who have 'sort of dropped out of things since the baby came.' You whose voice or skill at the piano brightened your husband's evening hours in the first days of your marriage. You who have grown accustomed to see yourself a little unkempt, a little less than attractive, because the babies need so much attention. For you and you and you there is the lesson of the firefly.

Reserve Your Light.

"Because you have given life to the little ones about you, it is not your part to cease to live.

"The deductions which you make from your talent and beauty and charm in order to increase their comfort are gifts not wisely given.

"Your best gift to them is yourself perfected.

"This is your mission as a mother—to be wiser than the female firefly.

"For the female firefly, after she becomes a mother, never shows her light."

THE WAY OF THE WIND IN THE WORLD OF FASHION

Women Returning Home From Summer Outings Are Busily Engaged in Looking After Their Fall and Winter Wardrobes, and in Collecting All Fashion Hints That Are Being Whispered in Advance, From Emporiums That Set the Pace in the World of Smart Dressing.

Grace Margaret Gould makes the following report in the Woman's Home Companion for October. She says:

"Which way is the wind blowing in the world of fashion?"

"Well, it is blowing out a bit. Clothes are expanding just a trifle, skirts are to be fuller, waists are to be lengthened, and there is to be a great fluttering of fringe. So the experts read the indications in that capital of fashion, Paris.

"Of course, there is going to be a change of some sort. It is time for it. The winds of fashion are always variable. And then, too, women individually and collectively are looking for and expecting something new. They are tired of their pose; they are tired of being a type. The style has been long drawn out in more senses than one.

"This fashion wind just now is blowing slightly and fitfully, but it is all the more significant for that. When there is to be a change in the weather, the wind begins to shift a little. Then little by little it veers, until at length it blows a gale from directly opposite.

"Oh, yes; we shall get to the other side of the compass, never fear. That is what revolution means and rebound and all the other things that people do when they seek to get rid of one extreme by jumping over to the other extreme. That is human nature, you know, to go from popularity to unpopularity, from Puritanism to excess.

"Is this wind blowing backward, too? Yes, so it seems, to the time, one hundred and thirty odd years ago, when charming women ruled, and when the queen of them all was the capricious and beautiful Marie Antoinette. Yes, there is a hint at least of these quaint and charming court styles of Louis

XVI, in the oddities that Paris is now dangling before her devotees of fashion."

The Young Housekeeper's Guide.

One pint of butter equals a pound. One quart of sifted flour equals a pound.

One large pint of sugar equals a pound.

Nine large eggs equals a pound.

A pint of graham, seven and three-fourths ounces.

A pint of cornmeal, ten and one-fourth ounces.

A pint of rice, fifteen ounces.

A pint of sump or coarse hominy, thirteen ounces.

A pint of macaroni, twelve ounces.

A pint of broad crumbs, eight and three-quarters ounces.

A pint of raisins, nine ounces (lightly measured).

A pint of currants, ten ounces.

A pint of brown sugar, thirteen ounces.

A pint of maple sugar broken into crumbly pieces, equals one pound and four ounces.

An ounce of butter, two level teaspoonsful.

An ounce of flour, four level tablespoonsful.

An ounce of cornstarch, three tablespoonsful (level).

An ounce of granulated sugar, two level tablespoonsful.

An ounce of ground coffee, five level tablespoonsful.

An ounce of grated chocolate, three level tablespoonsful.

An ounce of pepper, four level tablespoonsful.

An ounce of salt, two level tablespoonsful.

An ounce of cinnamon, four and a half level teaspoonsful.

September Burgeoning

September has blossomed out on hill-sides and in old-fashioned gardens. The vivid coloring and luxuriant weather of the September flowers is a delight to all rejoicing in the fragrance and beauty of the autumn display.

This is the season for the deep, rich crimson, of cockscomb and bachelor's button, the intense yellow of the artichoke, the red, orange and variegated hues of dahlias, the waving plumes of golden rod and the flame of scarlet sage. Showing clearly against this mass of color the white and fringed asters and carnations, the green of asparagus fern, maiden hair fern, the lighter shades of rose geranium and citron aloes leaves.

Aglow on Yesterday.

Sixth Street yesterday was all aglow with nosegays and sheaves of mailings thrust upon the notice of the passer-by, who involuntarily paused to do homage to the wares offered by the prosperous and complacent representatives of Flower-vendor's Row, at the entrance to the market buildings.

The market itself is so poorly kept and so unattractive, that the picturesque bit of color lighting up its approach is doubly welcome by way of sharp contrast.

A Reminder of the Old South.

The growers and the disposers of the posies, with their soft voices and dusky faces, quick, responsive and smiling, are a little bit remaining out of the life which rendered the old South so distinctively individual.

"What is this?" asked a woman standing about midway of the Vendor's Row, leaning forward and lightly touching branching sprays of a glaucous green plant. "Dis?" said the old darkey beside whom, along with the plant mentioned, reposed a tidily arranged collection of similes, "dis is bone-set, and hit's a mighty fine yarb to mek tea outen, mistis," he added, with the confidence of the man who knows whereof he speaks.

The Prettiest Bunch of All.

A bit farther on the woman paused again. "Do you grow all these in your garden borders?" she inquired of a vendor with a snowy kerchief and apron and dazzling white teeth that rendered her comely face pleasant to look upon, when she smiled. "Indeed I does," the vendor declared "en bizzy it keeps me, mistis, er wuking wid dese en de chickens en de pigs. I gotter go right stric'en pull pusley fur dem pigs now, 'en I mus' be gittin' ready fer start, 'en I giva my reglar lady de purties' bunch. I go. Dyah she comes," the vendor added, as a natty figure, attired in white serge, walked down the line.

All seasons have their innings on Vendor's Row and the one that is passing always seems the best. Perhaps it is because the realization which autumn brings, that the flowers will soon be fading under the kiss of the frost, that renders their presence so inexpressibly delightful in early fall.

Glory of Crepe Myrtles.

Along with the flowers must be reckoned the rose-colored glory of the crepe myrtles, which the September rains and sun have transformed into huge bouquets, crinkly pink against shining green, rendering the humblest garden a thing of beauty.

Seeing these blossoming shrubs recalls others that used to grow in places around Richmond homes? The question arises as to what has become of the arbutus, the hellebore, the hawthorn, the pomegranate, the syringa and the mock orange trees. The climate and soil here favor the growth of so much the picturesque and charming in ornamental shrubbery and hedges that the wonder is the city does not display, on every side, a profusion of what was formerly the chief glory and pride of every well kept home and lawn within municipal limits.

Lack Sense of Proportion.

In a recent interview Marion Harland declares that women lack a sense of proportion which men naturally possess. She believes in the necessity of her motto: "Something must be crowded out." She continues: Each woman must decide for herself what the unimportant things in life are, or rather, she must learn what the important ones are and let the others go." The interesting details of her own full life in her book, "Marion Harland's Autobiography," form a link between the more leisurely hours of the Old Dominion and the still strenuous days of the octogenarian.

Additional Revision Needed.

Says the North American Review: At the request of King George the venerable Dean Hole has been revising the British national anthem in order to bring it just a little more up-to-date and in harmony with the modern spirit. The dean has improved it materially as far as he has gone by substituting lines in the stanza reading "Confound their politics, frustrate their knavish tricks," so that the revised version reads beautifully as follows:

O Lord our God arise,
Scatter his enemies,
Make wars to cease.
Keep us from plague and dearth,
Turn Thou our woes to mirth,
And over all the earth
Let there be peace.

Certainly this is unexceptionable, but we think the dean has not gone far enough, and to remedy his omission we venture to suggest the following additional lines, which we respectfully submit to the distinguished consideration of His Majesty:

Please cork up Bernard Shaw,
Keep us from saying "Aw";
When we converse,
Give English clothes some shape;
Maye Punch a funny pape;
Show us how to escape
A Austin's reverie.

In any future pinch
Renew our ancient cinch
On Yankee cash.
May Uncle Sam's girls
With their socks, bonds, and pearls,
Still help our dukes and earls
To cut a dash.
Smaller collars.
While large collars are seen to some extent on suit coats, there seems to be a tendency toward a smaller collar in round or pointed effect, which is separate from the revers. The Dry Goods Economist. A few of the imported models show fur scarfs, which take the place of collars. These are simply fastened on and can be removed. If desired, cutaway effects seem to be growing stronger in favor as the season advances. Much care has been taken in cutting garments of this character, however, as they are apt to give a broad effect across the hips, which is very undesirable.